

TOC H JOURNAL

Vol. XXX

MAY, 1952

No. 6

THE CALL

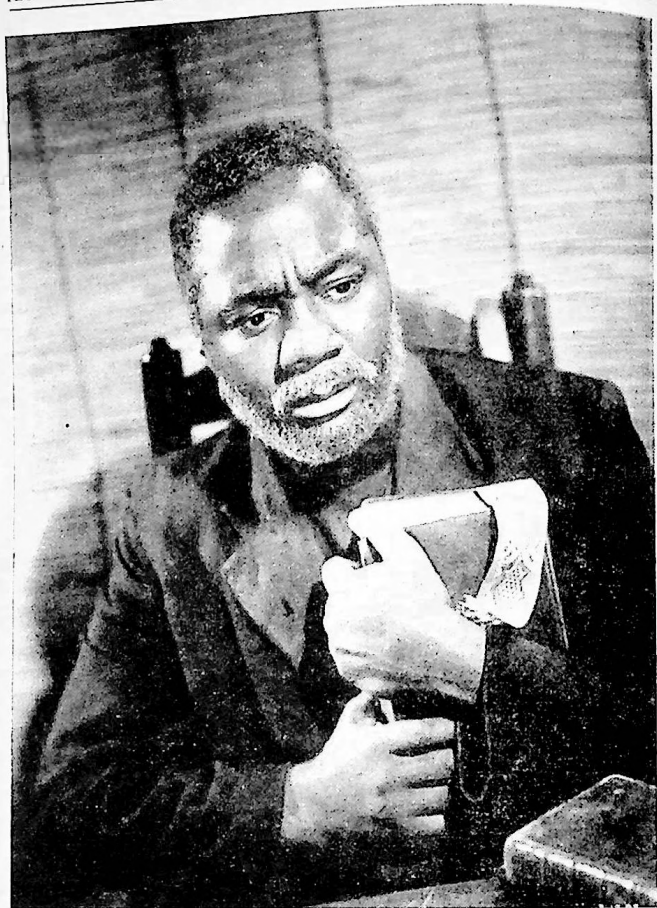
*Simon has left his boat, his nets outstrung,
the blue lake lapping the familiar beach:
the Fire of every Pentecostal tongue
shall glorify his Galilæan speech.*

*And Saul has left his judgment-seat, to reach,
groping, on hands and knees, that gallows hung
with God-forsaken fruit: Whose worth to teach,
the Door's before him and the past is dung.*

*So what? Can we, Tom, Dick, and Harry here,
feed sheep with Peter? wise men be with Paul?
Strike blind our scorn! Catch us, we sink in fear!
God of His Grace accept His gifts of all!*

*Oh open, open, heart, and eye, and ear,
receive the Dayspring from on high, the Call!*

Ranald Macdonald.



"Old Stephen Kumalo is the humble hero"

At a most critical moment in South African history the opportunity is given to us at home to see a film that will help us to understand some of the main causes of the trouble.

The Beloved Country

SOUTH AFRICA, now deep in political crisis and facing the possibility of a racial catastrophe which cannot be measured, is still the "beloved country" not only of two unreconciled races of white men, Dutch and British in origin, but of four times their number of black men of many tribes. If there was one voice above others which could have brought sanity into this most dangerous moment it was that of Jan Hofmeyer, statesman, Vice-President of Toc H, but he is dead. His wide mantle of reconciliation, of understanding and fair thinking, has fallen upon his friend, Alan Paton, reformer, writer, Hon. Commissioner of Toc H. His first book, published four years ago, has not only deeply moved South Africans of every shade of opinion but has gone round the world in many languages. Well did he call it *Cry, the beloved Country*.

Very soon a play based upon it had stirred great audiences in the United States, which also knows the conflict of black and white. And then Alan himself wrote the script of a film of it, which has been directed by Zoltan Korda, and produced by 'London Films'. This (as we have already reported) had its *première* on November 15 last year simultaneously in Johannesburg, Durban and Cape Town. At the first Dr. Malan, the Nationalist Prime Minister, was present; from the second the proceeds went to help the Toc H T.B. Settlement in Natal, the courageous venture on Botha's Hill to which Alan Paton and his wife have now devoted themselves. And now it reaches our own cinemas: the London *première* was held on April 25, and the proceeds given to Toc H Funds.

The film sticks more closely than is usual to "the book of the film"; no Hollywood hand has attempted to glamourise it or blunt its tragedy which is true to life. There is no false "happy ending" but a last glimpse of terrible grief uplifted by pure faith. A little of that simple grandeur—a sort of Old Testament music—of the Zulu language gets lost in the translation from print to celluloid. But the essential



"He finds also his son's girl"



"Two old men bereaved by the same event"

story of squalor and beauty, crime and forgiveness, fear and love stands out boldly: no one can miss its meaning.

Entertainment? Not in the sense that a ravishing blonde, a galloping Westerner or a sadistic gunman is reckoned entertaining on the screen. At the first private preview the audience of newspaper critics and film experts, commonly reckoned hard-boiled, caught itself in tears at moments and when the lights went up at the end sat for a few moments in dead silence. The casting of the parts seems as near flawless as may be, and so the impression of real life is strangely convincing. If one or two of the white characters are clearly competent film actors whom you might expect to see doing as well is some quite different part next week, the African ones (even if some of the principals are actually American negroes) seem to be *living* rather than acting on the screen. Very little underlining of the film's message is needed or employed: it is this sincerity of character that strikes home.

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Old Stephen Kumalo is the humble hero, a word he would never have dreamt of applying to himself. *Umfundisi* (parson) of a poor half-ruinous native church in the lovely Ixopo valley in Natal (where Alan Paton himself had his first job as a teacher), he makes the long unfamiliar journey to Johannesburg, the 'great city', to search for lost members of his family. How in the unimaginable slums of the native 'Shanty Town' he tracks them down and deals with them is the rest of the story. His young sister he finds as a prostitute, his brother as a loud-mouthed, dishonest wood-worker. His son he reaches at last—after heartrending visits to squalid lodgings, a reformatory (Alan Paton's own Diepkloof, the place of his reforming work) and a factory—in prison for murder; surprised in an attempted robbery, he has shot, in a moment of panic, a young white man who was devoting his life to helping the black race. And he finds also his son's girl, who will soon bear his own grandchild, and persuades them to be married in prison before the execution of the lad for whom there is no reprieve.

Two other sets of people play a decisive part in Kumalo's story. The first is the little team of European and African priests in a clergy-house in the dreadful surroundings of 'Shanty Town' who welcome Kumalo and help him through

The Star

JOHANNESBURG, TUESDAY, AUGUST 13, 1930

CITY
LATE

Shanty Town Meeting



**Mr. ARTHUR JARVIS
CHAIRMAN OF
HOUSING COMMITTEE**

Mr. Arthur Jarvis, the well-known Johannesburg mining engineer, is seen here being welcomed by Mr. Walter Moleatsane to the chair at the first meeting of the Shanty Town Housing Committee.

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"Looking at a copy of the 'Johannesburg Star' "

his trouble. The surroundings are easily recognisable by anyone who has visited Sophiatown or Orlando, for the 'shots' were taken on the spot, and the priests represent members of the Community of the Resurrection ('Mirfield Fathers') who live and labour there. A young African of their number guides the old *umfundisi* through every squalid scene of the search and the white Principal of the community pulls him up strongly when he is on the brink of despair.

A turning point

The second group of people come from the family and friends of the murdered white man. James Jarvis, the father, is an elderly farmer at Ixopo, whom Kumalo knows well by sight but has never exchanged a word with, his wife an ailing woman. An early 'shot' in the film shows the pair looking at a copy of the *Johannesburg Star* on the front page of which their son is seen shaking hands with a young African: the mother understands, the father is outraged by this familiarity. This tiny incident is typical of the artistry of the whole film, for it has an unexpected sequel much later in the story. At the son's funeral in Ixopo the respectful native villagers surround Jarvis and his wife to express their shy sympathy. One old man holds out his hand and, after an agonising pause, Jarvis takes it—and then all others that are extended to him. It is a turning point in his relations with black people, the conquest of pride, the ending of fear. The point is made without need of words, and it is deeply moving to any onlooker. The tremendous climax in this new relationship comes when, in a truly South African storm, Jarvis takes shelter in Kumalo's ruinous church. With the rain streaming through the rotten roof, he sits almost silent beside the old *umfundisi*—the father of the murdered man sharing refuge with the father of the murderer, now awaiting execution, two old men bereaved by the same event.

At last comes the dawn which brings young Kumalo to the scaffold in far-off Johannesburg, old Kumalo to a hill-top in Ixopo for his lonely farewell. And the film ends with the final words of Alan Paton's book, the words that still await South Africa's answer:—

Yes, it is the dawn that has come, as it has come for a thousand centuries, never failing. But when that dawn will come, of our emancipation, from the fear of bondage and the bondage of fear, why, that is a secret.

MULTUM IN PARVO



❧ RONALD HARRIS (Lahore) has succeeded CYRIL SAY as Hon. Commissioner of Toc H in PAKISTAN.

❧ W. FRED BROOKER (Portsmouth District) has been appointed to the Staff and will become Western Area Secretary.

❧ PATRICK F. FITZGERALD has been appointed Assistant Warden of the Toc H Services Club at Wendover, Bucks.

❧ PETER CAMPBELL, a South African member aged twenty-four, is to start training in the Transvaal with a view to becoming Secretary in the Eastern Area of the Cape Province.

❧ A report of the Annual Meeting of the CENTRAL COUNCIL held in London on April 19 - 20 will be published in the next issue.

❧ All Branches in the United Kingdom have been asked to nominate their candidates for election to the CENTRAL COUNCIL, 1952 - 1954, by May 31.

❧ THE TOC H FESTIVAL, 1952, will be held in Manchester on Saturday, June 21. Those wishing to attend must apply for tickets by May 20.

❧ THE TWENTIES CAMPS. Bookings by fit members and probationers between sixteen and thirty years of age are available for Langdale, Lakes district, June 28 to July 5, and for Hawkshill, Kentish coast, July 12 - 19.

❧ Members wishing to visit WINDSOR CASTLE this summer can have guides and tea arranged for them on Saturday afternoons, June 28, July 19 and September 20, by writing well in advance to the Branch Secretary: W. L. Milne, 108a Peascod Street, Windsor, Berks.

❧ BLOOD DONORS are wanted and Branches are reminded that the public are requested: "for all details of the blood transfusion centre, apply to your local Post Office, Toc H" and other bodies.

A Chance for Youth

TOC H EXISTS to help men find themselves—at their best, and to use their varied gifts, in work and leisure, in the service of God and their fellow men. A man will be at his best when he is doing a job he likes, preferably of his own choice, and one through which he can express his own personality. It is sad indeed that so many folk are square pegs in round holes, pushed by necessity or unimaginative parents into jobs for which they are ill-fitted. Sadder still is it that in our highly mechanised age, and in a country that claims to be Christian, so many jobs are deadly dull and soul-destroying, for there is little more dangerous to the soul than boredom.

With these thoughts in mind Toc H should raise its hat to the Rotary Clubs of Stepney and Poplar for the Careers Exhibition they organised recently in the Peoples Palace, Mile End Road, E.1. It was an attempt to check the drift of so many boys and girls into blind-alley jobs to which they are attracted by high rates of pay, and to encourage them instead to learn some trade or calling through which they can serve the community to their own advantage and contentment. The Nuffield Trust in its youth survey of Glasgow found that young people in that city between the ages of fifteen and eighteen years changed their jobs on average every twelve months. What a tragic waste of valuable years!

In planning this exhibition the Rotary Club had the enthusiastic co-operation of the L.C.C. Divisional Executive Officer and of the Head Teachers who organised parties of children of school-leaving age to visit the Peoples Palace during the day, hearing first a short lecture on various trades selected by the children themselves from a list submitted by Rotary. This was followed by a session of "any questions", and then a tour of thirty-four most interesting exhibits representing various trades, professions and services, each with someone in attendance qualified to answer questions and to give advice. It was good to see Hospital Nursing, Teaching, Youth Leadership and the Ministry of the Church of England staking a claim for consideration, while at the Civil Service exhibit I was amused to find a liberal supply of its own traditional brand of 'fodder'.

The whole exhibition struck me as a splendid idea, deserving the initial success it apparently achieved for it was visited by 5,000 boys and girls, all going out into the world a few weeks later. Toc H would render great service to the rising generations (and make many new friends for itself) by contacting other Rotary Clubs all over the country and, with the help of the education authorities and various trades and professions, organising Careers Exhibitions of a similar kind.

BRIAN DICKSON.

Postscript. On leaving the Peoples Palace I went straight on to the Royal Academy to see the superb craftsmanship of Leonardo da Vinci, the only man who has attained the first eminence in science and art alike. What a contrast was his life and work to the blind-alley jobs around the Mile End Road!

In the News

IT IS RARE that you read any mention of Toc H in your daily newspaper. From time to time, keen members write to ask why so little reference is made to the Movement. Well, there is a good reason for this. Newspapers exist to supply readers with what their editors deem to be topical news, and not to propagate the fads and queer ideas of odd folk like you and me. They would take a deal of convincing that Toc H *of itself* has any 'news value'—or the 'good news' of the Gospel either, for that matter. But the Gospel does quite often manage to seep through, mainly in the Saturday editions, and if we were to go the right way about it Toc H could probably secure a larger amount of space than is at present the case.

Nothing sensational

On the surface, there appears to be nothing the least sensational about Toc H—just a comparatively small organisation, made up of well-meaning men and women with a background, sometimes sketchy, of Christianity. You and I know that is not the story by half, and could tell of many near-miracles or 'holy flukes', whichever you prefer to call them, that have happened and *are* happening in the lives of ordinary people.

But, in competition with an up-to-the-minute murder, the details of barbarous treatment inflicted on some unfortunate youngster, or tit-bits concerning a film star's fourth trial-and-error marriage, our stories cannot hold a candle to theirs in 'news value'.

Local weeklies

When it comes to the weekly newspapers, however, things are quite different. One of the outstanding features of post-war journalism is the increased circulation and importance of the 'local rag', and it is really surprising how often it contains mention of Toc H. It's my job to study the big batches of news cuttings culled from all parts of the country, which every few days are dumped on my desk. This is the sort of thing that many of them chronicle:

LITTLE PUDDLETON

At a well attended meeting of the Toc H on Wednesday evening, Major J. H. Bagshawe, T.D., of Puddleton Grange, gave an absorbing address on his experiences with pink elephants. Mr. Charles Jones was in the chair and Mr. Alfred Green performed the ceremony of Light. At the close, prayers were said by Mr. David Brown.

The Toc H are holding a Whist Drive next Saturday in aid of funds for the Old Folks' Outing.

Yes, that can stand for a typical example, and before you react with belly-laugh or groan, according to your natural inclination, I'd like you to examine it closer. Try to discover what, if anything, the printed word in this paragraph is doing towards serving the cause of Toc H.

Viewed through the rosier tinted of 'National Health' glasses, I would say that it has told readers that a Toc H Branch exists in their locality. It tells them that a prominent local resident shared his experiences with the members and that some sort of ceremony took place during the meeting. It also indicates, by the reference to prayers, that the Branch possesses a Christian background, although it may well be that the David Brown mentioned is known to at least some readers as a not particularly 'pious type'. By implication, the note on the forthcoming Whist Drive suggests that the members' interests are not confined to their immediate circle, and that some concern exists for the aged within their community.

Towards improvement

While nothing like good enough for the purpose of spreading Toc H, it is still not all that bad for a start. What then can be done to ensure that such items do not remain at that level? Much as we desire it, it is unreasonable to expect that editors will develop an uncontrollable urge to print our Main Resolution in full, or to serialise "On the Way" or any other Toc H publication. But the first step, and it's well within the scope of almost every Branch, is to get a suitable member to act as their Press Officer. His job is to see that the local press are furnished with information about all Branch activities, and how they touch the lives of men and women.

Reaping a reward.

Personal contact with the Editor or a member of his staff is most important, and he should be kept constantly 'in the picture'. (It might be considered a good idea to invite him to talk to the Branch on the job of running a newspaper.) If a reporter is unable to attend the meetings or any 'outside' events, the Press Officer should send a report written in brief, concise terms, to the news office—at once. He must not be disappointed if, when opening the next edition of the paper, he finds his copy has been considerably cut or even 'spiked'.* With present-day restrictions on paper, news editors often have to cut or leave out altogether much that they would like to print. He must just go on, week after week, sending in the copy and making sure that it arrives before press day. Such consistent effort is bound to yield good results, and with them the increased probability of reaping a rich reward at such times as the publication of the Annual Report, or a National or Area Festival, in the shape of the local paper carrying a truly informative article concerning Toc H.

CHES.

STOP PRESS:

Extracted from *The Burnham-on-Crouch Advertiser*.

Local members of Toc H are to be congratulated on their publicity, for the *Advertiser* is kept fully informed of their activities; would that all secretaries would follow their example!

* Copy for which there is no room in the paper. put on the file.



FESTAL WAY IN HOBART

A TOC H BIRTHDAY FESTIVAL over here brings to mind the Albert Hall and a procession of Banners just as inevitably as the Boat Race suggests Oxford and Cambridge. Not so in Tasmania.

This is their idea of a Festival, or at any rate the last Festival. It was held early in February and Padre Ken Bloxham has given us a quick impression of the goings-on. It was all so obviously enjoyable that it may smack of sour grapes to question the wisdom of auctioning the Women's Section. We are often accused of passing the buck but we draw the line at selling the doe: of that, at least, "we are agreed".

One hundred and twenty-one representatives came to Fort Direction, South Arm, near Hobart . . . that is, independent of the Tassie crowd. At the week-end we were about 150 in camp. It was a joy, and one of the best Camps I have been to anywhere; six States all represented . . . five from Perth, 2,700 miles away (personal cost of £80 in fares to get over) and four from Brisbane, over 2,000 miles! Men and women in about equal proportions.

Perth could not come in any great numbers, so their Executive sent a gramophone record on which they had made a full report of the year's work. Four speakers, including Gwen Crow, their Women's Section Executive Chairman. It was unique and most welcome.

The camp site was an army fort, used for training. Large well-fitted huts, sprung beds; six wash-bowls and two hot showers fitted to each hut. The ground sloped gently down to sandy beaches facing the Derwent River mouth, or on the other coast, out to sea. Weather was perfect, warm sunshine, and all in all the setting could not have been better. Thirteen groups worked each morning; the general study was "The Influence of Toc H", and successive mornings grappled with—What is it? Has it done anything in the past? Where has it failed? Can we extend our influence? Can we influence Australia's future?

No opening speakers, hence no pale reflection of the introduction in the reports. I summed up each day's work, and the wide variety of answers gave me the chance to slip in the things that we, Austex and staff, were concerned about. But the joy was . . . (watch *The Link* for details, April number) . . . a serious concern with the things which matter. Particularly schools and youth activities, and our failure in industry and T.U.'s and our relations with the Churches.

Away from discussions, the spirit was grand. Two Test cricket matches, at which both staff men "settled the matter" by taking

wickets (quite extraordinary to both of us . . .). Evenings given over to films of Australian life and problems, to a Brains Trust, a Forum, the Rededication Service and a magnificent concert. The skill shown surprised us all; certain of the girls were suitably attired for revelry and were auctioned at the end; "1s. 9d. a lb. on the hoof" came from the back of the hall! The permanent staff of the Camp, a Gunner Sergeant and a private (gunner) fell for us, and I think they will seek Toc H out.

TRAVELLER IN SOUTH AFRICA

Sir Giles Squire, a member of the Central Executive and one of our Home Commissioners, has recently returned from making a personal visit to Southern Rhodesia and the Union. He made time to see a good deal of Toc H out there and this is what he has to say:—

Nowhere in the world can the choice of "jobs" be wider than in South Africa. There is so much to do. But I, as a visitor, was chiefly impressed by the magnificent way in which many agencies, official and unofficial, and not only Toc H, are leaping with joy to tasks for others. There are vast housing schemes, where pleasant little cottages, standing in their own plots of garden, are being constructed by local authorities and rented to Africans at "sub-economic" rents of a few shillings a week. There are housing schemes for ex-servicemen. There are houses for old people, and institutes for the sick and disabled. There is the Health Centre at Lamontville near Durban where devoted service is being given in the many problems of this crowded area and much besides. But the supply never seems to keep pace with the ever-growing demand. Toc H South Africa has therefore unlimited scope for initiative, and its limited manpower is more than fully extended in supplying the most pressing local needs. But true to tradition it has tried to exercise imagination in pioneering new schemes in which there is not as yet any recognised pattern to follow. Of these I should like to mention two in particular.

The Botha's Hill T.B. Settlement described in the December JOURNAL is now functioning. The first ward has been completed and its first patients, six small boys, arrived in February and were settling in very happily when I saw them, a bare week after their arrival. A second ward is nearly ready. The exact relationship of the settlement to the nearby Health Centre and the native reserve which it is designed to serve still remains to be settled, but Don Mackenzie has now the satisfaction of seeing the venture fairly launched. The settlement, as such, follows the lines of two other pioneer institutions already in existence, one near Durban for Indians and the other for Africans near East London; but it will also house a brotherhood where Europeans and Africans will live and work side by side for the good of their fellows, and so set a pattern which may lead to real inter-racial understanding and fellowship.

The Gables at Johannesburg is a very different matter. It is an attempt to tackle the problem of alcoholism among ex-servicemen—

unfortunately still a very real problem in South Africa to-day—along scientific lines, realising that the alcoholic needs medical treatment, either physical or psychological, or both, just as much as a patient suffering from any other disease, followed by social rehabilitation. A large house on the outskirts of the city has been adapted to allow for a ward of six beds for hospital cases and other smaller rooms for patients during their period of rehabilitation. There are also consulting rooms and a clinic where ex-patients and others gather on Sundays for medical tests, group therapy, etc. A strong committee of medical practitioners have given the scheme enthusiastic support. If the experiment proves a success it is hoped that the South African Government will copy it on a larger scale for the treatment of alcoholism throughout the country. The scheme has been in operation for barely nine months so far, but already one of the psychiatrists on the committee has stated that out of ninety patients who have passed through his hands more than one-half may be considered cured already, and has given it as his opinion that even in so short a time the results achieved have been sufficient to prove the value of the experiment. Another doctor considers that it is the most important contribution that Toc H has ever made to the community, and has advocated that a public appeal for the extension of the work should be launched.

Among the Lepers

I cannot conclude without a mention of the Westfort Leper Colony which has for years been the particular concern of the Johannesburg—Rosebank Branch, and which Eddie Lawson and Dudley Meredith took us to see one memorable afternoon. Recently discovered drugs have revolutionised the treatment of leprosy, which is no longer an incurable disease; but the final process is still slow, and disappointments not infrequent. On the very day of our visit a board had sat to decide the fate of about a dozen patients. The tests taken had not been entirely satisfactory and all had to resign themselves to staying on for another year. Naturally there was great disappointment, but all to whom we spoke took it very well. In one room half a dozen Afrikaanders were sitting discussing their ill luck, but when they heard that I was a visitor from England a spokesman, apologising for his inadequate English and speaking in Afrikaans, said he would like me to know that since he had been in the colony and had experienced the real and continuing friendship of Toc H visitors he had come to realise that there was no justification for disagreement between the two white races of South Africa and that both should work together for the common good. Later Dr. Davidson, the Superintendent of the colony, told me of the tremendous value he attached to the interest taken in his patients by their Toc H friends. "We doctors," he said, "often find this, and in any case we can only cure their bodies. What Toc H does is to restore their faith in their fellow men and to give them confidence to face the world again, whatever fate may have in store." I felt that if ever Toc H was doing a worthwhile job it was here at Westfort.

This 'Extension' Business

ONE THING IS EVIDENT that Toc H has never had, as far as I see it, the opportunity to extend, especially in the country, as it has now. I am certain that men are looking for 'something'—they are not at all sure about organised religion, and are becoming less sure about politics. The first has become unnatural largely by a gap of non-attendance over years, and the suggestion of a divorce of worship from real living, and the second by evidences of human frailty and resulting vacillation. I am persuaded that Toc H has something satisfying to offer. Problems on the international scale will not be met by mass methods but rather by an attempt by small groups in community, of the type of Toc H, to meet deep human needs locally. The multiplication of such groups will go far to meeting the greater need of humanity universally.

On the map

It was with such thoughts before them that our Area Elections Committee, in my early days in the Area, viewed a map of the Area for which we are responsible. The empty spaces as far as Toc H was concerned, appalled them. They saw the need everywhere—wherever men were—and there was the direct challenge. From them it went to District Teams and Branches, and then things began to happen. I could tell the story of one Branch that was started as a result of a 'phone call. Of another, because a school teacher carried the spirit into his job so impressing one of his fellow teachers, who wrote a card to me saying he had arranged a meeting in his village, but as nobody knew anything about Toc H, could I please send someone to tell the story? Now it is a most flourishing unit, and has brought the spirit of resurrection to what a couple of years ago was a mummified district. Their last District team was a thriller of the first order, and men left the meeting feeling adventure was abroad.

Rural rounds

A man living in the most isolated village in the county saw in another village window a notice announcing a Toc H meeting. He made contact, with the result that his own village's unit will be recommended for Branch status at the next Area

Executive. I took the Vicar of a neighbouring parish to the initiation of their first members, in a loft above an old stable. A fortnight after the Vicar sent for me to meet a dozen men, mostly non-church goers, whom he was meeting for the first time, not as a vicar but as a man. They are to become our newest group.

About nine months ago I called to see a vicar whose parish comprised three sections utterly divided. A huge squatters camp, the village itself, and a boys' remand home. Never the three had met. Now they do.

A young Branch

There is another place where 'Uncle' Bruce, a man old in years, but one of our youngest in spirit, with two other men living in his village got going. This has resulted in one of our youngest (average in years of age) and most virile Branches. Contribution to the Family Purse in their first year—over sixty pounds!

Another village, with a population of less than 300, where we met two men on a snowy night a year ago is now holding regular meetings with an attendance of a dozen to fifteen, all about the twenties.

On the outskirts of Northampton, halfway to Courteenhall, a vicar arrives from Cornwall. What can be done in Collingtree with a population of 190? Result, a group of fifteen men, mostly young, again bring thrills galore to a District which had been growing in on itself.

Building together

One of our Central Councillors went door-knocking on his own to a village he thought ought to hear of Toc H. A new unit resulted and they recently received their Lamp. They have just furnished their own 'home'; its construction has been shared by all, and it 'built' them together too.

I could still go on—these are but bare bones—of very real and alive bodies. There are also others I have not mentioned, besides much embryo yet awaiting birth. We are terribly short of midwives. And so must every other Area be full of challenge and need, because they are full of men. God give us the vision and enthusiasm to see that the best days of Toc H are yet to be.

G.R.P.

Areas Surveyed

XV—Marches Division

THE MARCHES, as its name implies, lies along the borders of England and Wales and covers an area which takes in a part of the Welsh counties of Denbigh and Montgomery, and the greater part of the county of Salop. One will at once see the importance of Shrewsbury as a centre, as all the main roads radiate outwards from it over a wide tract of territory. While most of the Division is on the English side of the border, its people share something of a Welsh character in the main. With a national border running through its terrain, its history is rich with accounts of border incidents of the past, of the savage English attacks against the Welsh, and of the turbulent mountaineers of hostile Wales trying to cross the border into England.

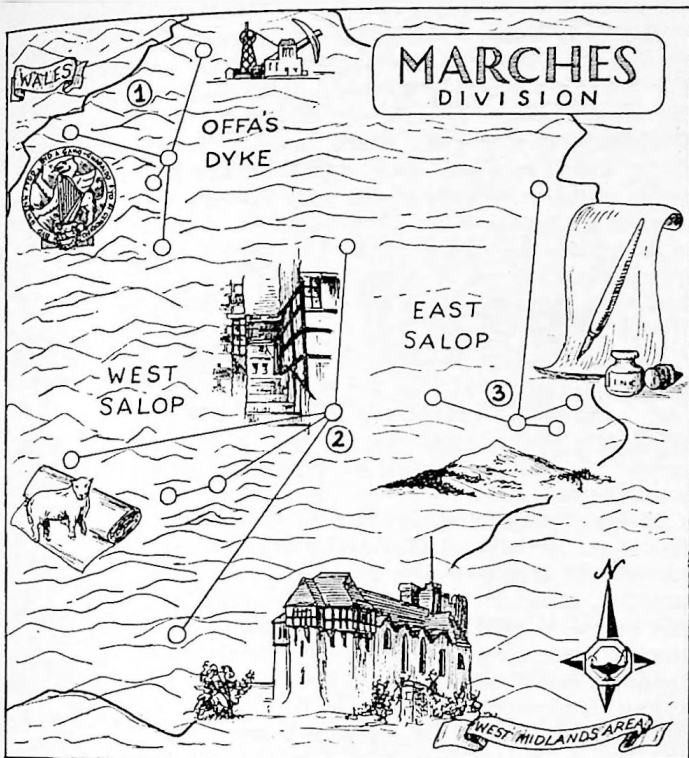
Varied Scenes

The greater part of the land is devoted to agriculture, while there are industrial and mining areas in the north-west and in the eastern part of Salop. In the south is found the shrunk remnants of the Clun Forest, now better known for its sheep farming. There are many important industries within the Marches—a motor works, a safe works, several iron foundries, tile and brick works, timber works, a large ordnance depot, a chemical works and many light industries. Fine examples of half-timbered buildings can be seen in most of the towns as well as in the country villages. The scenery is very varied and beautiful. Its northern part consists mainly of a gentle sloping plain. A smaller plain trenched with deep valleys forms its eastern boundary. The south-west, in striking contrast to the north and east, is hilly and well wooded. On the western boundary are found the foothills fringing on the wild mountains of Wales. In the extreme south-west it is clothed in the verdure of the Clun Forest, lying under the shelter of the Kerry Hills.

Two large rivers cut their way through the area and drain the larger part of its surface. The Dee in the north-west, runs under the famous Dee Bridge at Llangollen and then through the beautiful scenery of the Vale of Llangollen. The Severn runs from west to east cutting the Division in half. The main A5 arterial London-Holyhead road runs across the area from

the east to the north-west and links the most easterly Toc H Branch with its opposite number in the west.

Toc H in these parts has now firmly re-established itself since the war. While no great venture of expansion has been made, there is no doubt that where units are in existence, the



KEY TO TOC H BRANCHES AND GROUPS ON ABOVE MAP.

1. OFFA'S DYKE DISTRICT.—Llangollen, Wrexham, Chirk, Oswestry and Weston Rhyn.
2. WEST SALOP DISTRICT.—Wem, Shrewsbury, Welshpool, Worthen, Bishop's Castle and Minsterley.
3. EAST SALOP DISTRICT.—Market Drayton, Donnington, Oaken-gates, Wellington and Withington.

impact on the population is being felt. Special attention has been paid to the problems of old people and the need for this work grows daily.

Round the Districts

The DIVISION is divided into three Districts known as West Salop, East Salop and Offa's Dyke. Each of these Districts has its central meeting point astride the main A5 road.

The EAST SALOP District has five Branches, at Wellington, Market Drayton, Oakengates, Donnington and Withington. The Branch at Oakengates is the oldest in the Division, while the small village Branch at Withington is the youngest. Wellington as the centre of the District, is very proud of its Darby and Joan Club. Donnington Branch banner shows the pen is mightier than the sword, very fittingly with the fact that most of its members are Civil Servants. Market Drayton up in the north-east corner of the Division, is not as isolated as it would appear on the map. Some of its members recently took over the services at a local church when the vicar was absent through illness.

In the WEST SALOP District efforts were made to start a Branch at Harlescott after the war, but this never really took root. The village Branches at Minsterley and at Worthen are small but have proved that there is a place for Toc H in village life. The Branch at Bishop's Castle is the most southerly one in the Division. It is hoped that there may be a further expansion in this locality to bridge the great gap in distances. Welshpool Branch lies over the national border in one of the largest towns in Montgomery. The Branch is strong in members and they play an active part in the life of this town. Wem Branch in the north, is situated in a small country town where everybody knows the name of Toc H, its members and its deeds.

The OFFA'S DYKE District, up in the north-western part of the Division, astride the national border, has five Branches. The District Team uses Chirk as its working centre, because of its geographical location. Both Chirk and Wrexham are in the vicinity of the North Wales Coalfield, and the former Branch's meeting room is in a colliery yard. It is to be hoped that one day Wrexham will be the centre of another District and with this in mind, the Branch is looking outward for expansion. Llangollen Branch annually plays a vital part in the town's arrangements for the International Eisteddfod.

And so back over the border to where the Branch at Wheston Rhyn plays an important part in village life. Nearby is the town of Oswestry, an operational centre in border history. It was twice burned by the Welsh and later burned by King John. Today it is a peaceful border town, with a Toc H Branch that has a particular interest in the Dame Agnes Hunt Orthopaedic Hospital at Gobowen.

In these parts of the Welsh Marches are the remains of many Norman castles, which were intended by the Lords of the Marches in olden days, to subjugate the turbulent Welsh. They bear silent witness today of the cruel history of the past against the present days of pastoral peace. Long may this peace be cherished and remain so.

T.R.



BOARD.—On March 24, FREDERICK JOHN BOARD, aged 43, a member of Mark IX (Bristol) Branch. Elected 19.5.'49.

FIELD.—On April 10, SAMUEL J. FIELD ('Sam'), aged 54, a member of Hornchurch Branch and East London Builders' Secretary. Elected 4.3.'36.

GEARY.—On February 25, HENRY ARTHUR GEARY, aged 41, a member of Iver Branch. Elected 27.6.'33.

HALLIWELL.—On March 23, GEORGE HALLIWELL, aged 45, a member of Codsall No. 1 Branch. Elected 8.8.'47.

HONEYBUN.—On January 4, TOM AUGUSTUS HONEYBUN, aged 67, a member of Rusthall Branch. Elected 15.5.'50.

HORNE.—On April 7, JOHN GIBSON HORNE, aged 65, a member of Richmond Branch. Elected 1.2.'25.

KEEBLE.—On March 28, Rev. LESLIE KEEBLE, aged 69, a member of Warlingham Branch. Elected 27.11.'26.

PERKINS.—On March 23, CYRIL E. PERKINS, aged 55, a General member formerly of Carshalton Branch. Elected 22.9.'36.

SAUNDERS.—On March 20, E. C. SAUNDERS ('Uncle'), aged 78, a founder member of Tunbridge Wells Branch. Elected 1.1.'24.

TERREY.—On March 7, ARTHUR TERREY, a member of Barnet Branch. Elected 18.1.'36.

TREHERNE.—On March 29, ARTHUR RICHARD TREHERNE, aged 64, a member of Headquarters Staff 1940-1946. Elected 1.5.'23.

Henry

EVERYONE in Iver village knew Henry, many had known him from his childhood, most of them knew his mother and father and the rest of the family, and from his invalid-chair by the grocery store Henry held his court.

Some twenty years ago Henry met Toc H; his friend Stan Boughton took him along in an old bath-chair Stan towed the chair behind his cycle with Henry laughing happily, and when Stan got to Uxbridge Toc H Branch he carried Henry up to the room in his arms, and Henry weighed plenty in his steel cuirass and callipers.

During the war Henry ran the village club for boys—this he did single handed, and the lads played the game and did their best for his sake. When the War ended Henry got in touch with the remnant of the old Iver Group and said "When are you chaps going to re-start Toc H?". One and another made excuses and then Henry said "It would mean a lot to me". Then Henry contacted Dick who had come to reside in the village and together they sought out the 'remnant' and Iver Branch was re-born.

Until about a year ago Henry came along to every meeting, and when the Branch received their Lamp, it was handed first to Henry who was our 'Guard'. On the lovely July day when H.R.H. The Duchess of Kent came to the Naming ceremony in our lovely parish church, Henry had the place of honour in the chancel in his invalid chair, and proudly carried the Lamp out after it had been named in memory of the Men of Iver and H.R.H. the Duke of Kent.

Henry was laid to rest on an early spring day this year. Among the floral tributes were some little bunches of spring flowers from the village children who loved him.

From the age of eighteen months he had suffered, but in hospital and in school, in Boys' Club and Toc H he was a splendid example of "a friend and brother to be" and, most of all, in his home he was a gallant gentleman.

The whole village mourn his passing—but they understand that Henry is now made whole, and will ever remember him.

C.L.G.

Water-tight Commendation

BEFORE leaving La Plata (Buenos Aires) together with nine other volunteers, on the m.v. *Upwey Grange*, in July, 1940, I received a letter from Toc H, Buenos Aires, which wished me luck and mentioned the address of Mark II, St. George's Square, as a home for me when I arrived in London. How glad I was to avail myself of this offer!

During the early part of the voyage, I put my money, passport and other items, including the Toc H letter, in an oilskin tobacco pouch, making it water-tight by winding a plentiful supply of adhesive tape around it, and locked the package in a suitcase under the berth of my cabin.

All went well until, on that rough and stormy morning of August 12, 1940, when 'turning the corner' of N.W. Ireland—some three or four hundred miles out in the Atlantic—we were struck by two torpedoes.

Very quickly the ship settled down by the stern and, after getting over the initial surprise, I raced down to my cabin to collect my lifebelt—and that precious package! But locking it up in a suitcase almost proved a mistake! With nervous hands I managed to turn the key and undo one lock but, whilst struggling to get the second lock undone, I noticed an appreciable change in the level of the cabin floor!

After what seemed an age but, in reality, probably half a minute, I managed to open the suitcase, grabbed up the oilskin package, lifebelt and a canvas bag (also prepared for just this emergency) and dashed up to my lifeboat station.

All three lifeboats got safely away and, in company with the submarine, which had surfaced, we watched the tragic end of a fine ship. Standing vertically in the sea, bows uppermost, she slowly went down whilst carcasses of Argentine and Uruguayan beef fell, splashing, into the sea.

That same night, after being tossed about all day and driven, under sail, before a strong N.W. gale, we had the good fortune to be picked up by a destroyer, H.M.S. *Vanquisher*, and finally brought into Liverpool two days later.

Next day I arrived in London and presented myself (complete with canvas bag) at Mark II where, not without a

smile, I asked if they could provide a bed for a ship-wrecked mariner. However, Mark II, at that time, was full, but I was most kindly accompanied to Mark I, at Notting Hill Gate, where room was found for me and where I met several survivors from the *Upwey Grange*. But I did not meet them all. I regret to say, for one lifeboat, together with its thirty-odd occupants, was never seen or heard of again.

During the course of the war, when on leave, I went regularly to Mark I, where I always found a welcome and friendly spirit. After the war, however, on my return from Italy, I found there were no vacancies at Mark I. I then turned my steps towards Mark XIII ("The Brothers' House"). There, I also found the same friendly atmosphere and quickly settled down in my new home; eventually becoming a member of the Kennington Branch.

W. E. P. MURPHY.

Everyman's Club

(With acknowledgments to the shade of Lewis Carroll)

The sun was sinking in the sky,
The hour was growing late;
A man who wore a Toc H tie
Was leaning on his gate.
I said "Toc H? It has me beat;
What does it mean to you
Pray, tell me where and when you meet
And what it is you do?"

He said "You meet a lot of blokes
In a pally kind of way;
There's parsons and all sorts of folks
Like me, I mean to say.
It's what you'd call a kind of club
With chaps of every sort
You haven't got to pay a sub
Unless you think you ought."

But I was thinking of a plan
For making all men brothers
By teaching each and every man
How much he owes the others;
So what the young man had to tell
Just left me rather flat.
I said "There's something else as well?
It doesn't stop at that?"

EVERYMAN'S CLUB

He said "We meet on Monday nights
And make a start at eight—
At least, we should start then by night—
We're sometimes rather late.
Then maybe there's a talk, you see—
It's really quite good fun;
We sometimes have a cup of tea
With a biscuit or a bun."

But I'd been thinking of a meal
Served in an upper room
And so his story seemed unreal
And filled me full of gloom.
I said "There must be more to say
Else Toc H won't go far;
Come, let me ask you, if I may,
Just what your objects are."

He said "There's Toc H jobs, of course;
Last year we raised some quids
And gave a wooden vaulting horse
To a Welfare Home for kids.
Some of the blokes take cripples out—
They lend their cars to do it—
It's something we don't talk about—
There's really not much to it."

But I was thinking that perhaps,
Although he hadn't said it,
Toc H might be a bunch of chaps
With something to their credit;
And so I said "I think I might
Begin to understand
If I could come along one night
And see the thing first hand."

And now, if I a man should meet
Who's neither hot nor cold—
Or hear a story incomplete
And very badly told,
Or if, when Toc H fails to grow,
I hear men say "It's fate",
I smile, for it reminds me so
Of that young man in sunset's glow
Who rocked his body to and fro
As if weighed down with care and woe;
Whose voice was hesitant and low;
Who in his efforts not to crow
Made Toc H sound a poor show;
Who, if he seemed a trifle slow,
Was much like you and me, you know—
That summer evening long ago
Aleaning on his gate. "Billbee"



THE 'TEACHING' AND THE 'WORK'

An Approach to the Christian Faith. By Hubert Secretan, O.B.E., J.P. (National Association of Boys' Clubs, 17 Bedford Square, London, W.C.1, 1s. 3d.)

Any of us, merely seeing the title of this little book, might be excused for not enquiring further, for are not "the little pious books" legion? But look again at the names of the author and the publishers of this one and you will rightly guess that it is something "different". Open it, then, and read further, and you will discover that it is not merely meant to be read but to be *worked at*, with whatever you have of understanding, imagination and personal conviction, for a whole six months. And that not for your private edification but with others, probably even less experienced than yourself, who are to be your companions in the Way.

Hubert, recognised for many years now as a teacher both in boys' clubs and in Toc H, sets a course here "for the use of Club Leaders", which is designed for a night a week over thirty-five weeks. Each week's notes are intended not to produce a lecture but to provoke a live discussion between the leader and a group of boys sitting round together—or why not, we are tempted to add, between a leader and some fellow-members of his Toc H Branch?

Start with yourself, your freedom and responsibilities—what is Man anyway? Go on to "some glimpses of Christ at work", and interleave them with a look at God at work with men in the Old Testament. Then, in contrast and fulfilment, turn to the New. Now face, for a month, the tremendous Truth of Good Friday and Easter—and so to the Church, the "company of all faithful people", and to the "Confidence of a Christian". That is the barest outline of this course of study. Hubert's approach is not academic; he has tried it all out with real boys. And so he admirably poses the question, points the steps and leaves it to the leader to lead the way. Is it not worth any effort for each one of us thus to make sure of the truth that should be in us?

B.B.

MAINLY FOR SURGENTS

A Dictionary of Psychological Terms, compiled by R. Macdonald Ladell, M.B., Ch.B. (The Psychologist Magazine, 1s. 6d.).

SURGENT: A type of personality which is "cheerful, sociable, humorous, tactful, fertile in imagination and forward in social life." (R. B. Cattell.)

Over the past twenty years a surprisingly large number of words which owe their birth to the science of Psychology have been absorbed into our everyday language. Often they are employed without regard to their true meaning and this little book can do a lot towards ensuring their correct use. But Dr. Ladell has done much more than produce a list of words and their meanings. His explanations written in simple and non-technical language make it especially valuable to the layman with little learning.

BEING PREPARED

First Aid and Ambulance Work. By Watkin W. Williams (The Boy Scouts Association, 8s. 6d.).

Not only in time of war does the citizen need to be ready to render instant help to anyone injured or suffering a sudden illness. The daily list of casualties in road accidents alone tells its tale of hundreds of adults and children being placed in sudden need of prompt and understanding attention on which their very lives may depend. A special responsibility is borne by those concerned with the training of youth, to ensure that they are taught not only what should be done in an emergency, but also how to do it.

"The amount of First Aid that any particular person is able to give will depend on how much knowledge and training, tact, sympathy and experience he or she possesses." While eschewing medical jargon, this book covers most if not all of the day-to-day emergencies that call for First Aid treatment, and the text is reinforced by a large number of clear illustrations. The author writes from a wide experience both in the Boy Scout movement and as a Divisional Superintendent in the St. John Ambulance Brigade and his book is likely to be a standard textbook for many years to come. C.

The name of the publishers of "RELIGION IN BRITAIN SINCE 1900", by G. Stephens Spinks, reviewed in the April number, should have read ANDREW DAKERS LTD.

Toc H in Wales

THE NORTH WALES FESTIVAL at Colwyn Bay on March 22 had everything—beauty, solemnity, wit, eloquence, fun and liveliness. And sometimes the solemn and the lively were nicely married as for example when Norman Motley preached in the Parish Church on the spiritual fruit of the material tree. At the 'show' afterwards his leg was pulled by his elevation, in a programme misprint, which described him as Chief *Angelical* Padre.

About five hundred of us had both souls and bodies refreshed, and the Colwyn Bay Corporation did us proud with their welcome and their food and drink (tea of course). When we asked for the use of their Pier Pavilion they said: "Of course. And give it 'em free. They're an important international organisation". We blushed but accepted the gift, and the Mayor (Alderman Gordon Kerry) came and joined us at the show and dead-heated with Ajax—who brought Toc H to North Wales twenty-five years ago—in their race for verbal honours.

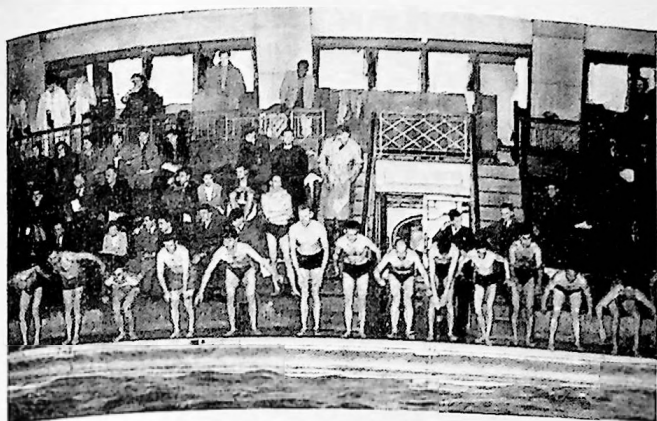
Within Sound of the Sea

And the show had 'atmosphere' too. The empty stage with its sombre draperies, the Banner of Wales in the background and the Silver Lamp of Wales on its pedestal in front looked like a memorial gesture to royalty, as to the tunes of harps eighteen Banner Bearers and twenty-two Lamp Carriers converged slowly upon it. And coming up as a diapason to the tenor of strings was the murmur of the sea.

For the first time at a Festival the Welsh version of the Ceremony of Light was used. It was spoken by D. I. Roberts, and had been translated by the Rev. G. R. Roberts, a Crown Bard of the National Eisteddfod. One of the girl harpists, Telynores Brython, is also a National Eisteddfod prize-winner.

Many of the items were Welsh, too. So in bidding welcome to Toc H visitors from Shropshire and Cheshire and to Norman (Angelical) Motley of Toc H Headquarters, Toc H Wales gave not only of its best but of its own.

W.E.W.



The start of the Peanut race

London Marks' Splash

BRUSHING ASIDE the hoary legend that Toc H members have little or no interest in sport and athletics, the London Marks decided to hold an Inter-Marks Swimming Gala on March 18, at Marshall Street Baths, near Oxford Circus. And highly successful it proved to be, with novelty races and an under-water swimming contest besides the more normal events.

Midway through the evening, an excellent display was given by members of the Isander Ladies' Diving Club. Their team consisted of Olympic and potential Olympic competitors and they thoroughly deserved the enthusiastic reception given to them.

The races were quite exciting and brought many of the spectators to their feet, and in spite of running considerably over time the organisers are to be congratulated on their efforts. Especially so, the officials of the Southern Committees Amateur Swimming Association who functioned most patiently and cheerfully against the background of echoes which only a swimming bath can produce. The experience gained will serve as a guide to future events and surely this will become an annual fixture in the Marks' calendar?

BRANCH BRIEFS

◆ At Guildhall on February 19, Lord Woolton presented silver badges to 221 blood donors who had each given twenty-five transfusions. Amongst them were five Toc H members and a member of Toc H (Women's Section).

◆ 24,000 used Christmas Cards were collected by ROMSEY for disabled ex-Servicemen: WORCESTER followed closely with 22,500 while PENRITH gathered more than 20,000.

◆ A printing press has been purchased by SHEPPEY District and already meets the needs of the six Island Branches.

◆ The only all-male Citizens Advice Bureau in the West Country is staffed by PORTISHEAD members. Up to date they have dealt with over 4,000 enquiries.

◆ By 'cannibalising' a worn-out 'bus SAUGHALL (Cheshire) have solved the seating problem at their new Branch room.

◆ A baby-sitting agency is being planned by DATCHET, as a practical contribution to community life.

◆ 420 man-hours were put in by CHALK FARM to paint and decorate a new temporary church.

◆ With the help of a Toc H Builder, SAFFRON WALDEN by organising a Whist Drive raised £31 for a Hospital Radio appeal fund.

◆ Old fishing rods are being sought by ABINGDON members for the boys of the local Dr. Barnado's Home.

◆ Congratulations to two members of FAKENHAM, Frank Tipple and John Hall, on their recent appointment to the County Bench. At thirty years of age John is one of the youngest magistrates ever to be appointed in Norfolk.

◆ A five-a-side soccer match played between members of BIGGIN HILL and BROMLEY resulted in a draw, 2 - 2.

◆ Assisting at a special monthly service for local deaf and dumb people is a corporate job undertaken by MAIDENHEAD.

◆ An offer made by EYNSFORD to replace with crazy paving the worn turf surrounding a War Memorial has been gratefully accepted by their Parish Council.



Open

HUSTINGS

The Editor welcomes letters on all matters concerning Toc H. For reasons of space the right is reserved to shorten letters received, but every effort is made to print a representative selection.

On Probation

DEAR EDITOR,

The previous writers of the letters in the JOURNAL on the subject of Probation have, it seems to me, each missed the point that some fellows are—mistakenly perhaps—diffident about attending Branch meetings week after week as “visitors”—as probationers they feel that they have a right to be present. The term “probationer” may not be ideal but it is difficult to think of a better one.

F. PEYTON GREGORY.
Hornchurch, Essex.

New Words Wanted

DEAR EDITOR,

I was very pleased to see the letter from Harry Long suggesting that the ritual of Light is in need of re-statement, as I have long had a concern in the matter. I cannot, however, agree with him that we should omit the Elder Brethren.

It is more than ever important that we should continually remind ourselves of the price which has been paid for what appears to be farther off than ever, the peace of the world.

We were both proud and thankful when the war which was fought to end war seemed as if it might have achieved that purpose, but in present-day con-

ditions there is a smug complacency about the wording which is bound to jar. We need to remind ourselves continually of the need to carry the Four Points into international relationships, even to the extent of trying to understand what is going on behind the Iron Curtain.

May I suggest that the opening words of Light should be something like this:—

“With deep humility and repentance for our blindness let us remember our Elder Brethren. So long as nation arms itself against nation we cannot forget that their sacrifice was in vain. So long as cruelty and indifference causes hunger and homelessness in any part of the world, we will remember them.”

I have no authority to speak for the Branch of which I am Chairman, but the members are not unaware of my sentiments.

DOC. LADELL.
Scarborough, Yorks.

DEAR EDITOR,

Our Branch of but three years' standing, in a Norfolk village, pounced upon your correspondent's letter as offering subject for discussion and the following points emerged:—

1. Toc H is more than a diffuse collection of Christians; it is a particular group—a family:

albeit a Christian Family. Psalm 27 would tend to reduce the Ceremony of Light to a general Christian affirmation.

2. The Ceremony of Light is, in part, a commemoration and it would be something lost to abandon that part. There is a double sense in which we remember the Elder Brethren—a special sense and a general sense. Bin-yon's is an example of the special sense—the particular thought of the fallen in the 1914-18 war. But in the Ceremony of Light we remember either all members who have departed this life, or particular members, or even non-members whose lives have been "lights of the world in their several generations".

3. Your correspondent says that "Happily many of such *do* grow old". Of such we remind ourselves when we say "as we that are *left* grow old". The Elder Brethren *cannot* grow old. Surely the words do *not* make nonsense?

4. Young members are not bound to remember the fallen in the first world war; the thought is wider than that. Surely the youth of today is not so foolish or proud as to suppose that they can do without the inspiration of noble lives? It would be a mistake for modern youth to imagine they have nothing to learn from those who have gone before them.

5. The closing words of the Ceremony of Light do direct the thoughts of members to the Light of the World, by the almost exact words of Him Who is that Light.

A. R. CARPENTER.
Filby, Norfolk.

What is Toc H?

DEAR EDITOR,

I see in the JOURNAL that people are seeking a concise definition of Toc H. I have never yet seen bettered Tubby's own in *The Smoking Furnace and the Burning Lamp* (1927):—"It is a family in which life at its strongest is running errands for religion at its best."

JOCK GILLESPIE.
Wisconsin, U.S.A.

200 'Thank-you's'

DEAR READER,

You may recall the article "Ideas in Circulation" which appeared in the March issue of the JOURNAL, telling of the need for 500 additional subscribers if the *New Forum* was to be kept on an even keel. Should this have escaped your notice maybe you read one of the cover announcements inviting your support for this independent Toc H publication?

So far the response has been very encouraging. At the time of going to press, the record of new subscribers has reached the 200 mark, and if your name is on the list we are most grateful for the timely help. If, on the other hand, you are not already numbered amongst the readers of *New Forum*, we shall be greatly heartened if you can see your way to send a P.O. for 4s. 6d. (covering a complete year's subscription) to the Publication Department now.

CHES.
47, Francis Street, S.W.1.